

**E.s.g.**  
**"Southside Pop Trunks"**

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[Big T]

Wanna be a baller, no that's old  
Got some'ing brand new, for the two triple 0  
To the six this is it, still balling in the mix  
E.S.G. and Big T, still trying to get rich  
But let me rooooooll, yeah uh-huh  
We want your mind, to blow  
We gonna, swang for you  
Ain't nothing but a, G ride  
We gonna bang for you  
Ain't nothing but a, G ride  
Southside pop trunk, that's what we do  
While I'm riding banging my Screw, tell me what it do  
Yeah  
I'm just a hustler, from the Southside yeah  
And I'm gonna pop my roof, and chunk the deuce

(\*scratching\*)

'64 Cheve, in my yard  
White drop top, pearl paint job is hard  
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open  
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open

[E.S.G.]

Just waking up in the morning, gotta thank God  
I don't know, but today seem kinda odd  
Cause last month, my baby mama keyed my car  
Today I'm ready to mob, got my new paint job  
Louisiana-Texas thug, last night we wrecked the club  
Early morning hang over, let's hit the breakfast club  
Get the wings and waffles, or the fish and the grits  
Grab a toothpick get the drank mix, then hop in that  
Six  
Six Lincoln just thinking, dro stinking  
My leather seats sinking, blue lights blinking  
The boppers winking, but I'm chunking up the deuce  
Like magicians do, hit the buttons and poof goes the  
Roof whoa

[Big T]

Southside pop trunk, that's what we do

While I'm riding banging my Screw, tell me what it do  
Yeah

(\*talking\*)

'64 Cheve, in my yard  
White drop top, pearl paint job is hard  
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open  
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open

[E.S.G.]

Now I lay me down to sleep, but pray the Lord 'fore I  
Wake  
Them jackers they don't take, my old school '78  
Cheve pockets heavy, man I'm ready  
Peanut butter insides, outside jelly  
Thanks to Eddy, man I'm steady turning heads  
Old school crip blue, or pyroo red  
In the N.O. with Greg, getting bread with Craig  
Like a number two pencil, gun stay out of lead  
Get chopper's shred blocks get bled, trying to stay out  
The FED  
Like a pain to the head, hard to get out of bed  
Like Rev. Run I was bred, to run the house I ain't  
Scared  
Keep my whole team fed, sipping syrup by the keg  
My trunk banging, hanging like my third leg  
Hillbillie like I'm Jed, keep my money in the she'd  
A fo' do' sled, now you know what I play  
Payton Manning with the cannon, I take off your head  
Cause uh

[Big T]

Let me rooooooll, yeah uh-huh  
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We gonna, swang for you  
Ain't nothing but a, G ride  
We gonna, bang for you  
Ain't nothing but a, G ride  
Southside pop trunk, that's what we do  
While I'm riding banging my Screw, tell me what it do  
Yeah  
Gaaaaangsta, do you wanna get some pa-peeeeer  
(I gotta get mine, you gotta get yours)

[E.S.G.]

Gotta get yours gotta get mine, boys out here we got to  
Shine  
So that means we got to grind, get out of line we got  
That iron  
And I ain't talking bout the kind, you iron your  
Clothes with

I'm talking bout the kind you get, rid of your foes  
With  
Rednose Pit I bark the bite, y'all know what I spark  
And light  
My P yup is full of ice, I talk a chain that dark the  
Night  
Mic I rip and mics I wreck, yup I'm one of the hardest  
Yet  
My team full of timberwolves, call me a Garnett fool

[Big T]  
So let me rooooooll, yeah uh-huh  
We want your mind, to blow  
We gonna, swang for you  
Ain't nothing but a, G ride  
We gonna, bang for you  
Ain't nothing but a, G ride  
Southside pop trunk, that's what we do  
While I'm riding banging my Screw, tell me what it do  
Yeah

(\*scratching\*)  
In a drop top Cheve, with the roof wide open - 4x

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